MISERY to bee Lamented: Or,

A Doleful Relation of the ſad Accident which befell Lawrence Cawthorn, a Journey-man-Butcher, belonging to the Shambles in Newgate-Market, who being ſuppoſed to be dead, was cauſed to be preſently buried by his Lanlady Mris. Cook, in Pincock-Lane, only, as is ſuppoſed out of her greedy deſire to gain his cloaths. And how hee came to himſelf again, when hee was in the grave, as appeared when hee was taken up, by the ſad conſequences of his ſtrugling and ſtriving to get out of the Coffin, his arms being beaten black and blew, his head bruiſed and ſwell'd as big as two heads, and his eyes ſtarting almoſt out of his head; It being alſo certainly reported, that he was heard to utter many grievous ſhrieks and groans the time he lay under ground, which was from Friday night, June 21. to Monday morning, June 24. 1661. To the Tune of, Troy Town.

ALL you that ſpend your precious times
In ſenſual pleaſures and delights,
In drinking, ſwearing, and ſuch crimes,
Whom death it ſelf no whit affrights,
Give ear to what I ſhall declare,
And well conſider what you are.

Your dates in length are like a ſpan,
your life's a vapour, which appears
But for a little while, and than
death puts a period to your years;
O! therefore now, even whilſt you may
prepare you for your dying day.

Let not preſumptuous thoughts take place
within your hearts, but ſurely know
Your life's but for a little ſpace
(death is a debt which all men owe)
O! therefore now, even whileſt you may
prepare you for your dying day.

Repentance muſt not be deferr'd
until old age or ſickneſs come;
Death often mæts men unprepar'd,
and ſends them to their longeſt home;
Therefore ſo live, that ſtill you may
be ready for your dying day.

It is appointed that all men
muſt dye; this truth we know full well,
But in what manner, where, or when
none but the Lord alone can tell;
Therefore ſo live, that ſtill you may
be ready for your dying day.

Wee daily by experience ſee
that from deaths heavy mortal blow
Nought in the world can ſet us free,
but to the ſtroak wee all muſt bow,
O! therefore now, even whilſt you may
prepare you for your dying day.

A ſad Example hath of late
been evident before our eyes.
A young man whoſe unhappy fate
may teach us all to be more wiſe
And live ſo, that wee alwaies may
bee ready for our dying day.

A Butcher was this young mans Trade
and Lawrence Cawthorn was his name,
The place where he his lodging had,
was at a houſe in Pincock-Lane,
Whereto one Maſter Cook doth dwell,
in Newgate-Market, known full well.

When hee his Freedome did obtain,
a Journey-mans place he undertook
A lively-hood thereby to gain,
well to his buſineſſe hee did look,
And very careful hee was ſtill
to ſatisfie his Maſters will.

But now what unto him befell,
I plainly to you will declare,
That this is true which I ſhall tell,
moſt certainly it doth appear;
'Tis ſtrange! yet thus it came to paſſe,
alive this young man buried was.

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On Thursday June the twentisth day,
as soon as evening-tide was come,
His work being done, hee went some say
unto an Ale-house nèer his home,
And tarried certain hours space
with his companions in that place.

Then coming home, to peoples view
hée seem'd in perfect health to bée
Much work hé said hée had to do
next morn as soon as hée could sée,
And told his Landlord to that end
to rise betimes hé did intend.

But when next morning light appear'd,
and hée not rising as he said,
To do his work; his Landlord feard
that sleep his senses had betray'd,
Therefore hee to his Chamber hies,
and loudly calls to make him rise.

But all in vain, for why alasse,
the young man heard not when he spake,
Which to him a great wonder was
that Laurence would no answer make.
Then down the stairs he did run,
and told some Neighbors what was done.

A Smith was sent for then with speed
who soon broke ope the Chamber doore:
Which being done, they then indeed
began to wonder more and more:
For why, they surely thought that death
had quite bereft him of his breath.

They found him lying on the bed
his cloaths were on, his eyes were shut:
No motion from the foot to head,
which them into amazement put.
And all concluded certainly
his life was past recovery.

The Searchers then came up, and view'd
his body o'ze in every place:
And to the people then they shew'd,
what was their judgement in that case.
Their Verdict was, that cruel Death
had by a Quinsey stopt his breath.

His Landlady through covetousnesse
to gain his cloaths I understand:
Did make it her great busines
to bury him quickly out of hand.
A shallow Grave was dig'd with speed
and he therein was laid indeed.

But ah! what groans he uttered
as some report for verity:
For as it seemes he was not dead,
but only in a trance did lye.
And coming to himself again
he did endure most grievous pain.

With head and feet, and arms he wrought,
so long as any strength remain'd:
Most earnestly for life he sought,
which could by no means be obtain'd.
For being underneathe the ground
to save his life no way was found.

From Friday night till Monday morn
he lay in earth imprisoned:
Disconsolate and quite forlorn,
untill his breath was smothered.
And then when as the time was past,
they dig'd him out o'th grave at last.

His Coffin opened was, wherein
a doleful sight they then beheld:
With struggling he had bruis'd his skin,
his head and eyes were sadly sweld.
His body ober black and blew,
as many do report for true.

His Landlord and his Landlady
being suspected for this deed:
Examined were most certainly
and unto Newgate sent with speed
And till themselves they well can clear,
it is suppos'd they must lye there.

Now let us all with one consent
turn to the Lord with heart and mind:
And of our grievous sins repent,
that so we may Gods mercy find,
And to conclude to God let's call,
from such a death Lord keep us all.

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